NORTHSTAR
5
$2.75 USA
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MATURE
NOVEMBER 92
COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!
THE NEW STANDARD
IN SHOCK HORROR
SPLATTER
Gould
'92
INSIDE!
SPECIAL FIFTH ISSUE
"HOMAGE TO HOMICIDE"
IT DOESN'T GET ANY REDDER THAN THIS!

"What? **Splatter** #5? And I didn't have to wait six months for it?" No no no dear reader, just two. Yes, we are on a regular schedule at last. Once again with a fully painted cover, this time by Steve Gould. Let's see how long we can keep this up...

Our first story out of the gates, **Pawnshop**, is a delightful little slice-o-life tale centered around a business that some may find unsavory, -not us though. Brought to you by the creative team of Pablum Spriggs & Jeremy Johnson, (who?) this tale will certainly remind all of us of the joy of being young. Tra-la, tra-la.

Next, from the macabre mind of Raphael Nieves we bring you **Squirrelhead**. Raff, who many of you may know from the critically acclaimed **Tales From The Heart**, (published by both **Slave Labor** & **Epic Comics**) is working on a number of decidedly evil projects for us, with this being the first. Illustrated by rising star Rich Longmore with inks by Phil May, this is one group we plan to keep together. Hey, if you know any animal rights activists, be sure to buy them a copy of this. It's sure to warm their furry little hearts. Really.

Rounding out this issue is the final chapter of **Boots Of The Oppressor**, by the creative team of LaMorris Richmond, Jeff Moy, & Cory Carani. I don't use the word team lightly here. Great care was lavished upon this project, and the results do indeed speak for themselves. I'm sure you'll be as impressed as I am. If you don't like it, so what? What do you know? This is not your standard comic fare.

Northstar comics have never been for the squeamish, and now they're no longer for the stupid either. These are intelligent horror stories, rendered with the whitest flashes of violence, and the blackest, vilest strokes of humor. It's what's been missing in horror comics for a long time. Well, no longer.

Do you know how to write? well, prove it. Drop us a line, and spit forth your comments about what you hold in your hands. What the hell, we may get a regular letter column outta this.

Be sure to check out **Slash** #2, on sale now. You know James O'Barr? You know **The Crow**? Well, Slash has got **Zeitgeist**, O'Barr's first on-going series since that monumental comic event. This is not to be missed. Just ask your dealer for your copy. If he doesn't have it, slug him in the puss, take his money, and burn his place down. Or have him order you one, it's your call.

Stay sick.

Tunes

Drain
Pick Up Heaven
Trance Syndicate
The perfect soundtrack for speeding along the interstate. More psycho-sludge from Texas, Satan's favorite state. If your in one of those little fuel-efficient Jap shitboxes forget it ,man. This will shred you to pieces.

Urge Overkill
Stull E.P.
Touch and Go
Best fuckin' 1/2 an album this year. Stull, Kansas, is geographically the center of America, and this is the dirty blues from the center of her soul. Plus a cover of Neil Diamond's "Girl, you're a woman now". Way cool.

Flicks/Vid

Tetsuo, The Iron Man
A new dawn is upon us my friends. Man into metal. In one hour this black and white Japanese feature makes Davids Lynch and Cronenberg look like clueless flounders. One to relish.

The Dead Next Door
Zombies, blood, guts, cults, laughs, government death squads. Ranks high on gross outs, yet more than your average splatter picture- it's got a good story. Now don't go telling me you that doesn't matter, you illiterate bastards.

Zines

Speed Kills #3
Nitro-injected mayhem at 248 m.p.h. Show reviews, record reviews, hot rod reviews. The better homes and garden of the underground. Leaves all the others in a cloud of dust.

Got anything you want hyped?
Send it to
Northstar Hype, 2551 N. Clark #402
Chicago, Illinois 60614

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PAWNSHOP
Jingle Jingle
HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME BARBARA? IF YOU WALK OUT MY LIFE WILL BE RUINED FOREVER. RUINED! RUIN! I LOVE YOU! WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS OF MEMORIES AND LOVE AND YOU'RE JUST GOING TO WALK OUT THE DOOR? I'LL NEVER SEE YOU FOR GOOD'S SAKE! FIND YOU HAVE WHAT I JUST SAID? I'LL MARRY YOU RIGHT NOW JUST DON'T LEAVE ME =SOB!= PLEEEAASE DOOOON'T DO IT NOW =SNIFFLE!= OH GOD... NOOOOOO! =SOB!=
DAMMIT.
MELODY & RINA'S SHOW
STORY
PABLUM SPRIGS
PENCILS
JEREMY JOHNSON
INKS
CORY CARANI
LETTERS
DAN NAKROSIS

I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS...
I WAN-WOULD LIKE TO-SEE TH-THAT PHOTOG. P-PLEASE.
MAY I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING MY FRIEND?

AND WHICH PISTOL WOULD THAT BE?
THE 9-SHOT AUTOMATIC W-BROWNING... THE SHINY GI-GUN RIGHT T-T-THERE.
CRACK!
YOU WANT TO SEE THE SHINY GUN I'M YOU FUCKIN' GOOF!? I GIVE YOU A PEEK AT THE "SHINY" GUN THEN YOU POINT IT AT MY BIG "SHINY" HEAD AND BLOW MY "SHINY" BRAINS ALL OVER THE "SHINY" COUNTER!
I'M NOT 410-O-O POP! I'VE BEEN ALL OVER, PUNK! THIS OLD A&A-CRACK HAS SEEN IT ALL MY FRIEND I CAN READ YOU LIKE A CHEAP SHIRT.
TWANG!
THONG
STRUM!
TWINK!
TRY TO PLAY ME YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT! I'LL PLAY YOU! THINK I DON'T KNOW YOUR TYPE--GIVING YOU A GUN? JUST THAT'S LIKE... LIKE... GIVING YOU A FREE TICKET TO ED--
CRUNK!
CUFF!
BOOT!
SUCK BROWN ASSHOLE! YOU EAT-FUCK! COME IN HERE AGAIN AND I'LL SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO ABOUT PERMANENTLY RE-ARRANGING YOUR FURNITURE!
CRASH!
CRUNCH!
CRACK!

GOD-DAMN JUNGLE-FUCK-PIGMIES!
SUUUUUUP!
FLEMA, PLEEZE DON'T DO THIS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! COME BACK TO ME MEFFIN 'FLEMA! ABOUT THE KIDS! THE HOUSE. WHAT ABOUT THE HOUSE? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH ALL THE STUFF WE HAVE? WAA... WAA... I WAS GONNA GET THE CAR! I BOUGHT THE CAR, DIDN'T THAT MEAN I GET THE CAR. AUNT CHAN NO, RIGHT? THAT'S YOUR HAND IT?! BURT PEACHES! KITTEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, WHAT'S THAT? KABLAM!
BEEN DOING THIS FOR TOO DAMN LONG... BEEN ALL KINDS--SEEN IT ALL-- AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED IT'S ALL GOOD. CRAP ON ME, I WASN'T BORN IN A BUSH. FUCK 'EM ALL. SIGHT UP THEIR FIRSON! FIFTH WHAT THE...
JUNGLE JUNGLE
EVENING GENERAL. I'D SALUTE BUT DUDE'S ON THE GRILL. WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR. LET ME GUESS, YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW WEAPON TO ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION. COULD IT BE A BUCK-KNIFE OR COMPOUND BOW? PERHAPS A NEW MACHINE GUN TO IN CONCERT.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M INTERESTED IN PURCHASING AN ASSAULT RIFLE, SOVIET.
OKAY, ALRIGHT, I'LL SELL YOU YOUR SEMI-AUTOMATIC, SELF-LOADING, COMMIE ASSAULT RIFLE WITH NIGHT-SCOPE AND DETECTION-PROOF, THERMO-HOUSING, AND THEN TOMORROW, AT AROUND THE NOON TIME HOUR, YOU CAN GO DOWN TO THE LOCAL SCHOOL YARD, CLIMB UP SOME TREE, SMOKE A JAPE, AND START YOUR SLAUGHTER! WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, PSYCHO-MAN, A FUCKIN' FRY-COOK?! YOU'RE A POWDER-KEG! YOU KILL FOR FUCKS!

CRRRASH!
YOUR GOD? GET AWAY FROM ME!
GET YOUR SORRY ASS OF-SHIT OUTTA HERE YOU (@&!)-FUCKER. GO HOME AND?... AND AND BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF YOUR WIFE OR FUCK YOUR DAUGHTERS FOR THE THIRD TIME TODAY? GROOOAN!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, FRANCIS? THE BAD COMMERCIALS WERE LIVE!? THE REAL BAD COMMERCIALS ALMOST GOT ME FRANCIS! NO COMMERCIALS, JUST CRIMINALS. JUST THEN, RIGHT THAT VERY MOMENT, YOU WERE ALMOST A FUCKIN' WIDOW. THE GATES OF HELL WERE OPENING UP AND I GETTING READY TO TEST THE WATERS WITH MY PSAC, SHELLEY, DIABETIC FEET... SWEETY? HONEY BUNS? ... HEY WHO AM I KIDS!
HELLO AI THERE MY LITTLE WALLFLOWER. HEY! LOOK WHO JUST WALKED IN. IT'S THE PRICE IS RIGHT GUN. WHAT'S HIS NAME... THE HOST. HELLO SIR. PRICE IS RIGHT GUN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? YOU'VE COME IN HERE TO WORK YOUR WARES? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD ME PRICE IS RIGHT GUN YOU KNOW, IN HAVE IS ONE OF YOUR BIGGEST FANS...
THAT KIND OF SUCKS, SO IT WASN'T FOR HER? I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
WELL, SHE'S SHOWS THE KIDS FIGURES AND I'D LIKE TO JOIN THEM BUT... WELL... I'M A DWARF.
JUST TRYING TO PROTECT YOU MY SWEET ONE. NOTHING BUT A LITTLE HEART ATTACK. DON'T GET UP. IF I WASN'T HERE PROTECTING YOU IT'D BE ALL OVER. YOU'D BE ALL OVER. ALL OVER THE WALLS. I'M THE ONLY JUDGE OF CHARACTER AROUND HERE. THE ONLY JUDGE OF CHARACTER YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH IS NAMED WARNER!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN MR. JONES?
HEY, MR. CAMPING TIP: NO NEED TO LET A LITTLE INCONTINENCE SOIL YOUR UNDIES FOR A FULL SHTANZER OF UNDIES! BOSS TRY NEW BUD! SEE KIDS WHY DON'T SMOKE.
JUNK! JUNK!

GOOD EVENING!
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS COOL STUFF!
YES, YES INDEED! THE NAME'S NOAH FOSTER AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU LOVELY PEOPLE THIS EVENING? DO PLEASE, STEP AWAY FROM THE DOOR. COME HERE, COME HERE.
WELL, THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL! SAY, I DO RECOGNIZE THE LITTLE CRUMB SNATCHER. HAS BEEN IN HERE THE PAST COUPLE OF WEEKS LOOKING OVER MY LITTLE COLLECTION OF PAINKILLERS. YOU KNOW SOMETHING, I THINK I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR HIM. YES INDEED I SURELY DO.
HI, THE NAME IS PHILLIP RAWLINGS. GREAT SHOP YOU HAVE HERE, HEY LISTEN, IT'S MY SON'S BIRTHDAY AND HE'S BEEN BUGGING ME ALL MONTH ABOUT HOW HE WANTS A GUN "JUST LIKE DADDY" SO I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM GO FOR HUNTING RIGHT. YOU KNOW I'M TALKING HIM ON A HUNTING TRIP LIKETHAT IN A FEW WEEKS.
WELL, AN LITTLE MAN, SO YOU WANT A NEW RIFLE.
YEAH.
HA, HA, HA... WELL THEN COME OVER HERE.
WHOOOO! LOOK AT THAT!
OOOOOOH!
WOWEE MAN!
THIS IS JUST ABOUT YOUR SIZE LITTLE PARDNER. AN AUTOMATIC REMINGTON TWELVE GAUGE.
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN AROUND I'VE LIVED IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SOR OVER THIRTY YEARS AND I CAN SAY I'M A PRETTY GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER. LET ME TELL YOU, I HAD A COUPLE OF DOOSIES WALK IN HERE TONIGHT JUST BEFORE YOU CAME IN. BUT I COULD TELL RIGHT JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU THAT YOU WAS GOOD PEOPLE.
WHY THANK YOU.

IT'S A GOODMAN, CRY-BABY SHAME THAT MORE UPSTANDING AND GOD-FEARING CITIZENS LIKE MAPPLE AND YOURSELVES DON'T COME INTO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD MORE OFTEN. BUT THAT WON'T EVER HAPPEN, WILL IT? AND DO YOU KNOW WHY?
WHY?
DEAR LADY, NEED YOU ASK? THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S GONE TO HELL IN A LAUNDRY SACK. I CAN'T WASH MY HANDS FAST ENOUGH FOR ALL THE DIRT AROUND HERE.
THIS USED TO BE A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD, A HARD-WORKING NEIGHBORHOOD, A BULWARK OF COMMON AMERICAN DECENCY AND VALUES.
THAT'S A TRAGEDY.
BUT IS TOO BAD.
THAT IS A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY. BY THE WAY MR. FOSTER, AS FAR AS THE GUN IS CONCERNED, WE'LL TAKE IT.
DADDY?
YES, SON?
KABLAMM!
TAKE THAT!
DEAR GOD, IT'S LOADED!
BLOOOOM!
WHUMP!
BILLY! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE COME TO VISIT FATHER! YOUNG MAN, WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT PLAYING WITH A GUN AT...
CLICK! CLICK!
FUCK YOU, MOM.
BILLY!

KABLAMM!
HEE, HEEE E! HAW, HAWWW!
JESUS CHRIST!
FOR GOD'S SAKE SON, PUT THE GUN DOWN!
CLICK! CLICK!
SHUT THE FUCK UP FAT OLD MAN!
KERTOW!
AAARRGGHH!
HELLO OFFICER? THIS IS BARBARA PEONEY AT 2113 WOODGROVE. YES, PLEASE COME QUICK! MY HUSBAND HAS HAD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!
HEEELP ME FRANCIS!
KABAMMO!
I DIDN'T LADY! I DID IT JUST LIKE YOU SAID! LOOK! LOOK! HALLOOOO!
YES YOU DID. YOU'VE BEEN A VERY GOOD LITTLE BOY AND NOW FOR THE PRESENT I PROMISED YOU.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY CHILD
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME. WHEEEE! HEY, CAN I HAVE THE GUITAR TOO?
NOW WE MAKE A DEAL...
WELL, CAN I?
CLICK! CLICK!

HOW LONG HAGIT BEEN FIVE YEARS?
A LIFETIME AGO
A MINUTE. THE BLINK OF AN EYE.
WHEN SARAH DIED, MILES MARKHAM KNEW THE CLOCK HAD STOPPED FOR HIM. THERE WAS NO TOMORROW. ONLY YESTERDAYS BY THE HUNDREDS...
AND NOW, OF COURSE
A LONG, QUICK SUCCESSION OF NOWS THAT FADE INTO YESTERDAYS PALE AND WORN, LIKE MILES. PALE AND WORN AND GOSSAMER SHEER, LIKE THE SEAT OF HIS BLUE SUIT OR HIS SOUL
SARAH WAS A BURST OF COLOR SHE FILLED IN MILES DRAB OUTLINES WITH LIFE AND PURPOSE AND MEANING
UP UNTIL THE DAY SHE DIED
SARAH LOVED THE PARK AND SO MILES LOVES THE PARK. SHE LOVED TO FEED THE SQUIRRELS, SO HE DOES.
SHE GAVE THE SQUIRRELS NAMES

BUT MILES DOES NOT WANT TO KNOW THEM. THEIR NAMES. WHY GET CLOSE ONLY TO LOSE THEM TO CARS OR DOGS OR
OR CANCER?
FIVE YEARS. THAT'S A LONG TIME TO BE FEEDING SQUIRRELS. WHY DON'T YOU STOP, MILES? YOU'RE OLD, TIRED. WHOSE TO KNOW?
SARAH WOULD KNOW. THE SQUIRRELS WOULD KNOW.
TO STOP WOULD MEAN TO DIE AND SARAH WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO STOP.
KRAK!

C'MON, MAN, C'MON SHIT!
THERE'S 18 BUCKS IN THAT WALLET! OKAY, HERE!
15 in .7 DOLLARS AAAND ~ 35 CENTS
WHAT?!
EEEOOOEEOOOEL
WHUZZAT?
COPS, YOU DUMMY! LET'S GET THE HELL OUTA HERE
EEOOO
SQUIRRELHEAD
STORY & LETTERS, KARRIE REVARD
ART: RICH LONGMORE & PHIL MOY
FROM AN IDEA BY CAROLYNN RAZZALA

OH MAN! THAT WAS CLOSE. I THINK I'M HAVIN AN ATTACK!
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A GODDAM ATTACK YOU PUMMY! WHU' WAS YOU THINK-IN'?!
OL MAN'S A JEWLER YOU SAID GOTTA HAVE SOME BUCKS OR DIAMONDS, YOU SAID
SO WE FOLLOW IM A COUPLE THREE WEEKS FOR WHAT? 17 LOUSY BUCKS, WAS YOU CRAZY?!
BLEEGHT, DEIGHT! I'M SOOOERY, GOOD SHOOT ME NOWLADY!
IZZAT A RAT?
AAAHH
BENNY!
CHITT

IT'S GOT MY EEEYYEEEILEEEEE
GIT GIT 'IM
HEELP! IT'S GOT BEN, IT'S GOT BEN!!
HEY SLOW DOWN, PAL. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
IT GOT BEN! IT'S EATIN' 'IM UP KILLIN' 'IM!!
POLICE
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
A RAT. HUGE. WITH BIG BIG TEETH AN AN A BUSHY TAIL
AN' WITH A TUFFY
WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND, ACE? LOOK'S LIKE

H-GUK
KPOW
KPOW
HANG ON, PENNY I'M COMING!
IM COMIN, BUDDY
WHUP.
CHTT CHTT
PENNY!

CHT CHT CHT
CHTT
CHTT T T
NO!
YOU LOUSY CHIPMUNK-FACED BASTARDS!!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! KLIK!
CHRRRK!
CHRRRK!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
CHT CHTT
CHTT-T
CHT CHTT
CHT
CHT
CHT-T-T
CHTT

JERRY SCREAMED THE FIRST DOZEN TIMES THE LITTLE TEETH BIT INTO HIS FLESH.

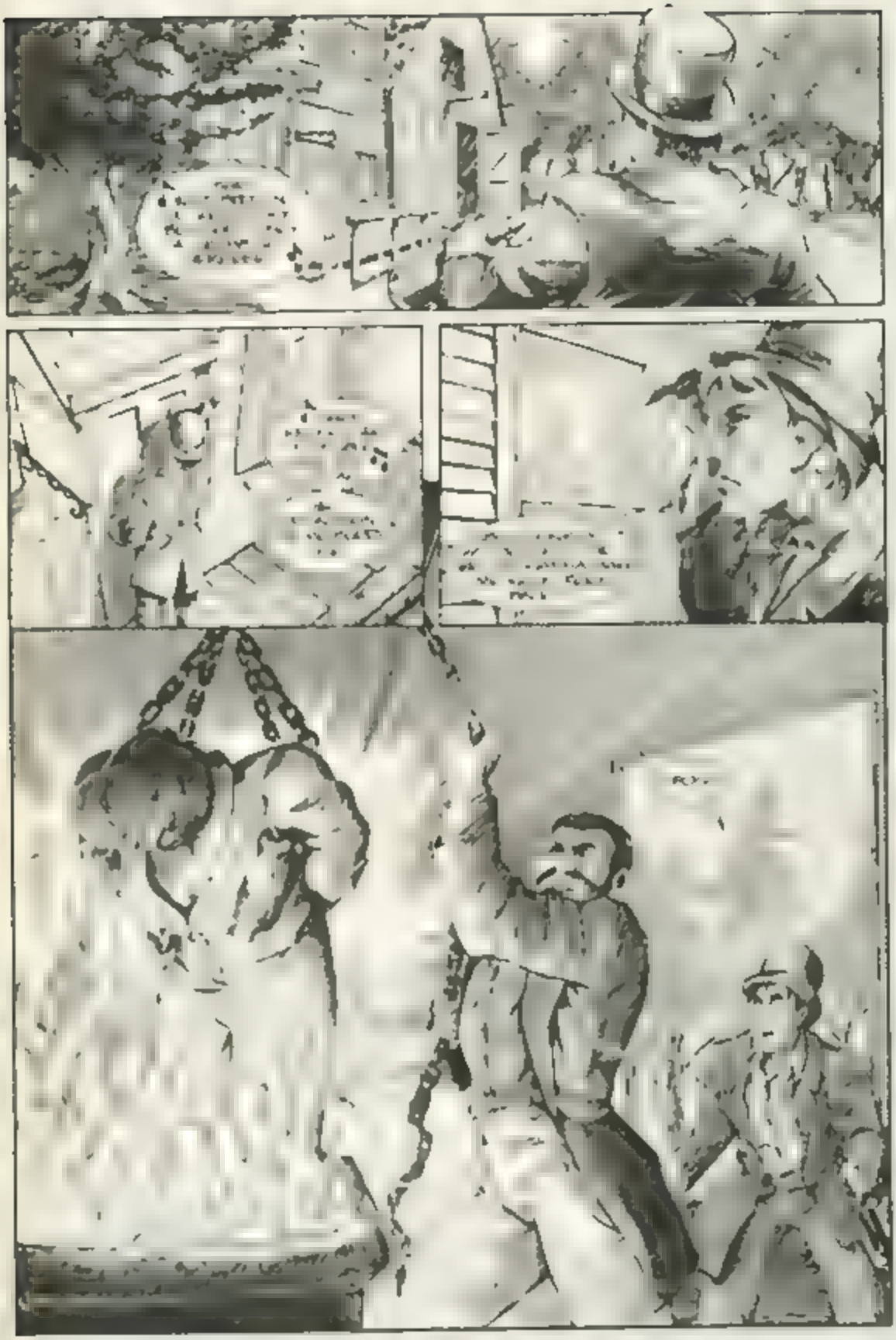
HE WAS WHIMPERING BY THE SECOND DOZEN

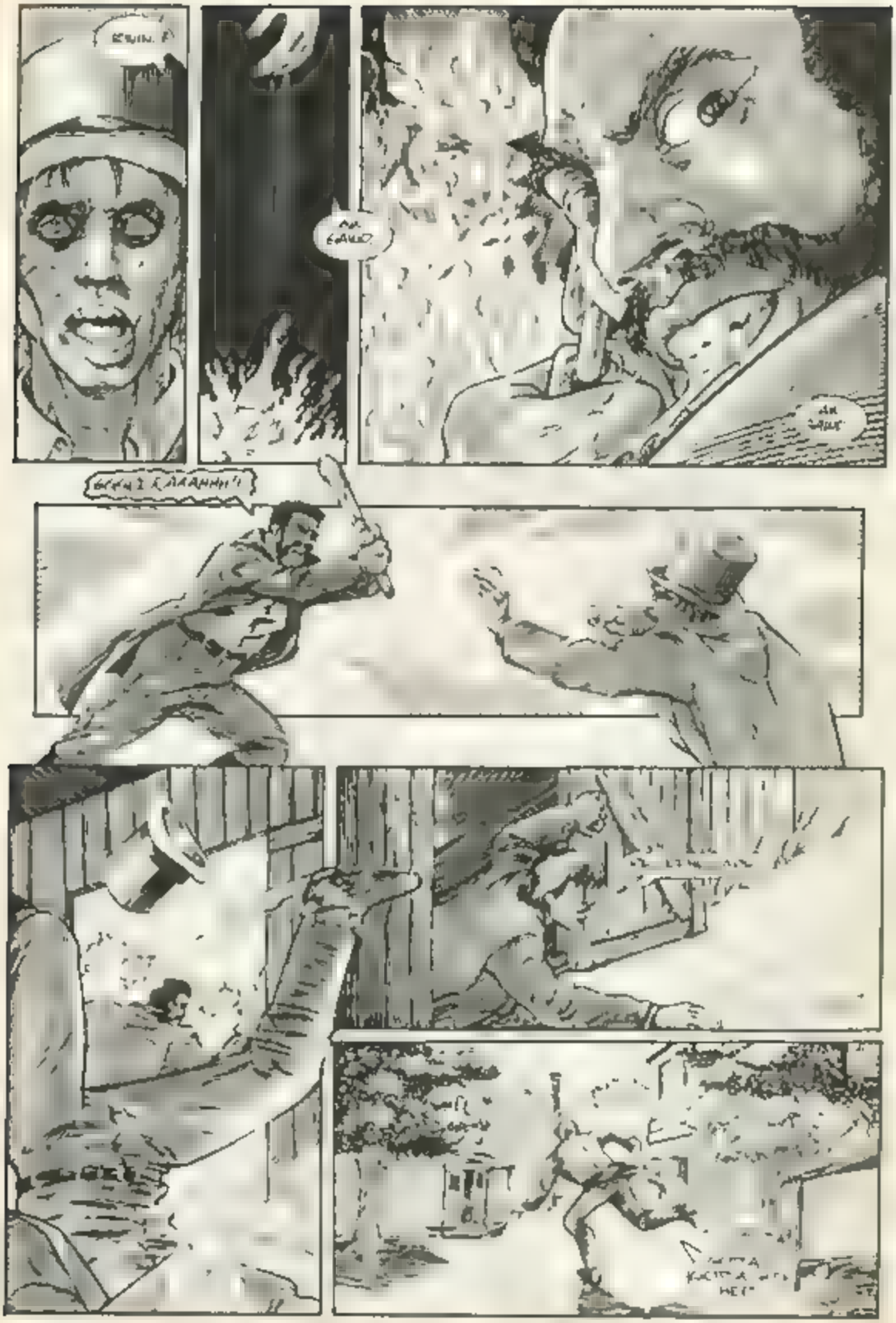
BY BITE NUMBER 257 HE WAS FINALLY DEAD AND HE NEVER KNEW WHY THE ANIMALS HAD ATTACKED. HE NEVER KNEW WHY.

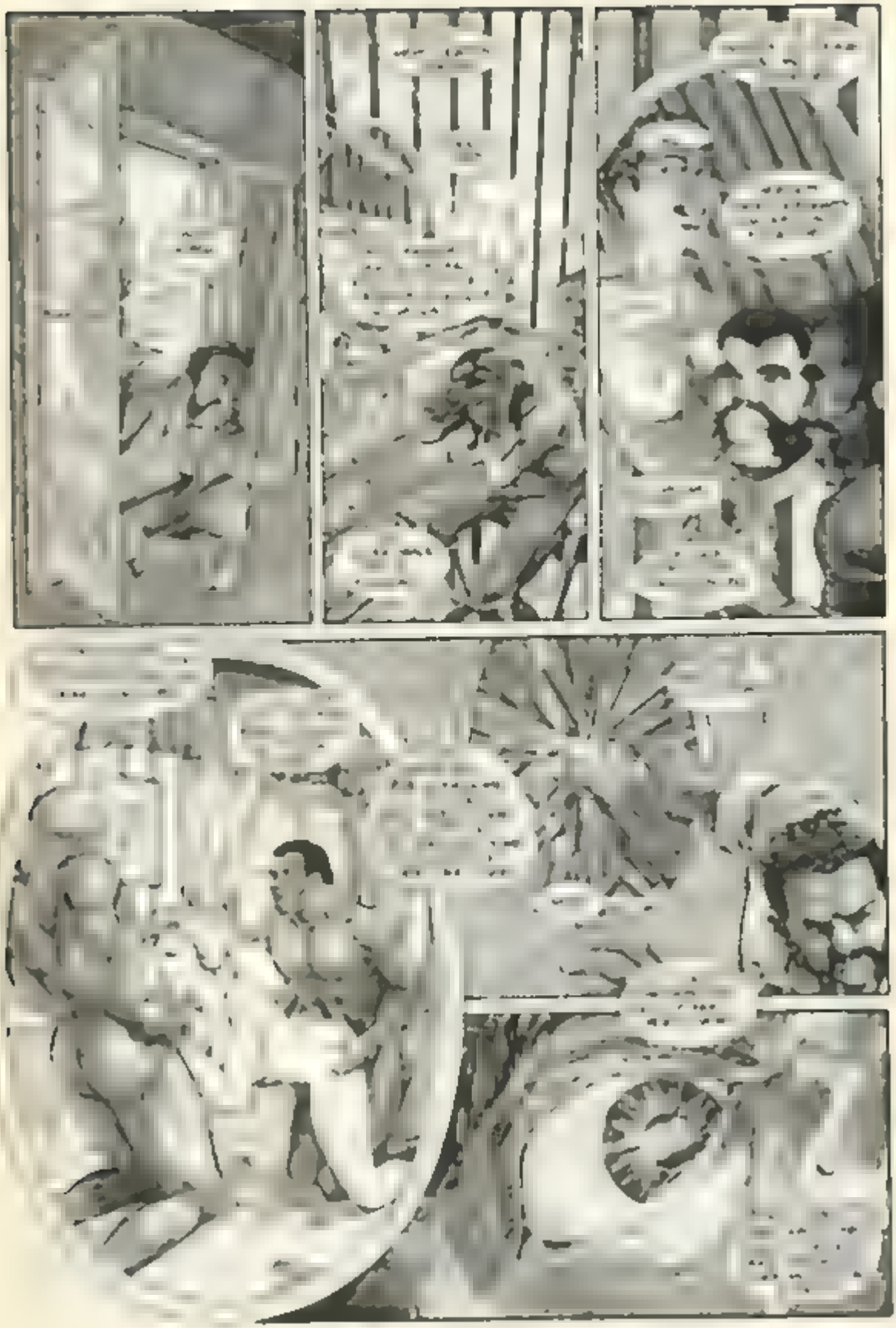
OH, IT WOULD BE EASY TO SPECULATE THAT VENGEANCE WAS HAD, JUSTICE WAS SERVED, AND ALL WAS NOW AT PEACE.
BUT THE TRUTH IS, WINTER WAS COMING, AND THE FOOD SUPPLY HAD BEEN CUT SHORT

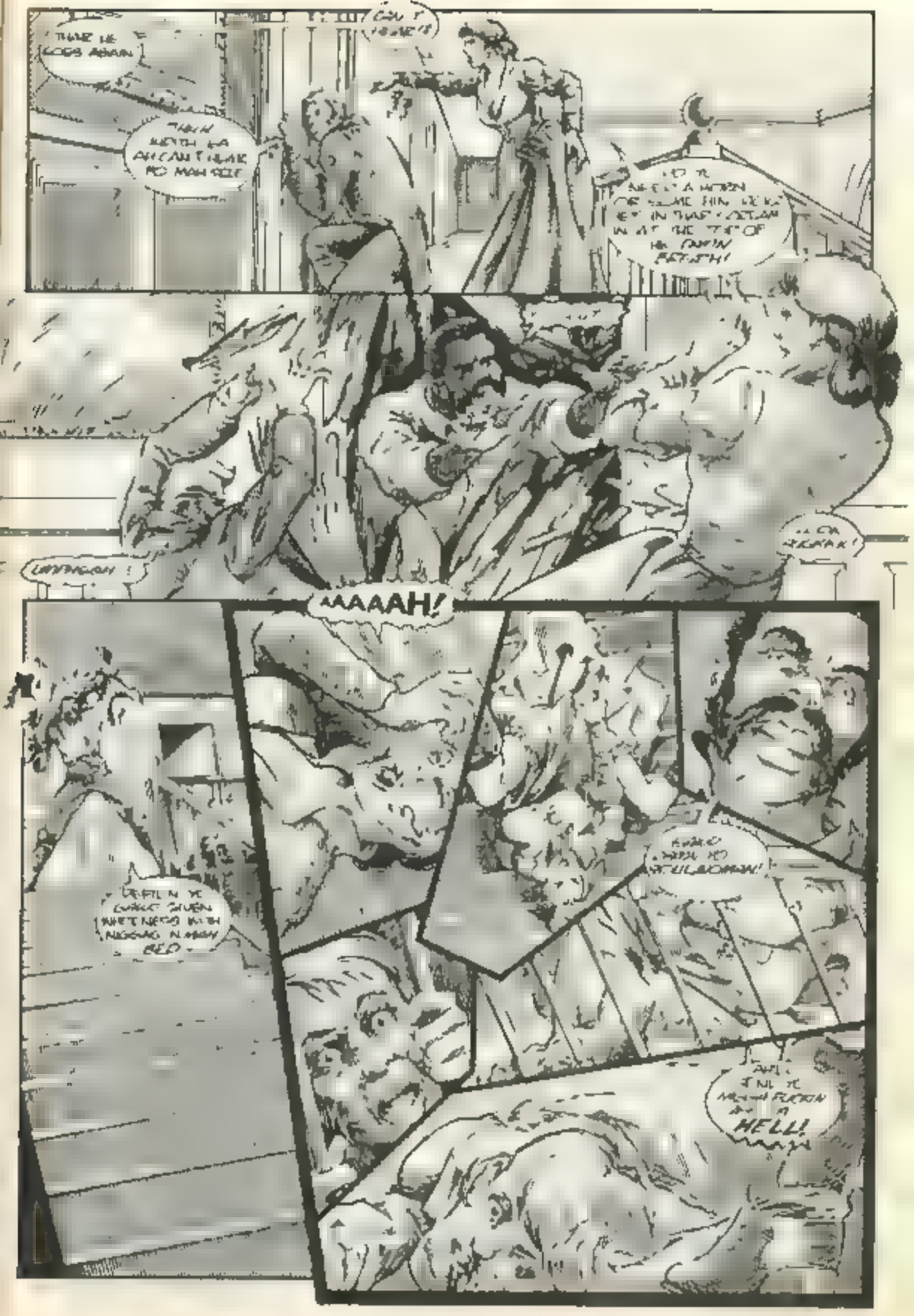
SOMETHING HAD TO REPLACE IT. NOTCH KNEW THAT. NOTCH THE SQUIRREL. NOTCH, WHO DIDN'T JOIN THE FEEDING FRENZY, WHO WAITED, KNOWING WHICH PART HE WANTED.

NOTCH, WHO INSTINCTUALLY KNEW ONE INDISPUTABLE FACT ABOUT SQUIRRELS IN WINTER...
CHTT
SQUIRRELS STORE NUTS IN THEIR CHEEKS




KWIN. P.
AH CAN?
AH CAN'
KWAI KAAAHHH!!
KATA KATA HEY




AAAAAH!
HELL!

THAT'S OUR RENEGADE BOYS! KILL IT!
NO, DON'T SHOOT!
RUN MAGGA RUN!!
RUN FO' YO' LIFE HA HAHAHAHA HAHAAA!
AIN'T THIS SHIT COMIN OFFA ME!! SWEET JESUS WHATTA THAS NIGGA KITCH DO TO ME!!
MEBBE IFFIN YO' CAN SCRATCH NOUGH OFF DEN THINK YOU AH IN JUN
AW GAWD HEP ME PLEASE!!
GOOD, C'LETUS, YO' BRIGHT YO' CHAGGS, WE MIGHT NEED 'EM TA TRACK THIS BUCK IF AIN'T WRONG 'BOUGHT WHERE HES GOIN.
HA HAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA HA

LOOK, HERE CLEETUS, WE GOT AHSELVES A WILD BUCK THERE, BOY! QUICK, LET THA DAWGS GIT A TASTE OV'EM!
HA! NIGGRA, BOYS-- SIC 'EM!
NOOAAGHH!!
CALL OFF THE DAWGS, CLEETUS!
AW, OBI, THEY'S JES' HAVIN' FUN!
MEASOOMPHH!
WELL, NOW WE WANT OUR FUN!
FILE, YO' AND CLEETUS CHAIN THIS NIGGA TO THAT TREE OVA' YONDA!!
IT'S ME LYLE, AH'M UUUGGG!!
AH KNOW WHO YO' IS, NIGGA
AHOY YO' CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... GAWD
YO' THA FEINE GADE THAT KILLED WILLIN KNOOP, AND IN COUPLE OTHER GOOD OL' BOYS WHAT DIED THESE PAST FEW DAYS
AH KNOW YO' OLE'A JOHN BROWN'S NIGGAS... AN' AH KNOW YO' GONE DIE!
GAWD MADE YO' BLACK, BOY, NOW WE GONE MAKE YO' BUDUT!

THERE IS SOME REAL FINE BOOTS... TOO NICE TA BURN IF'N AH MIGHT SAY SO. TAKE THEM.
UUUH... OKAY, GUESS~
WHAT!
NO! TAKE THEM FO' YO'SELF
DON'T TAKE MAH BOOTS, THAR EVIL...
SHUT UP, NIGGER!
YO'LL WIND UP DEAD ON'A TREE. JES LI' ME.
AH'M SHO' NIGGA.

BOOTS OF THE OPPRESSOR

STORY: LA MORRIS RICHMOND • PENCILS: JEFF MOY • INKS: CORY CARANI • LETTERS: RAPHAEL NIEVES